The Palladium

TAKEN RED-HANDED.

London Society:—"This way, sir—this way."

It was only an office boy who spoke, but [illegible] he flattered himself he knew a Spanish gentleman when he saw one. And Spanish gentlemen were well known in that office hard by the Strand; for it was especially devised for holding communion with Spanish gentlemen—of the Carlist persuasion; and, in fact, was the headquarters of the London committee for aiding the pretender to the Spanish throne.

A dark, gloomy, saturnine young man, handsome withal, but appearing overborne with some deep feeling, was he now in the hands of that office boy; and his question, uttered in English so broken as to be almost destroyed, had been to the effect that he was in search of a Mr. Edward Royston who was at the taking of Estella in February of the current year (1876), and was believed to have fled to England on the collapse of the Carlist cause—Did the London committee know anything of the gentleman?

"Well, I should jolly well think so," said the office boy, who had now perched himself on the office stool and was trying to look altogether as official as he could, considering his diminutive inches and his very juvenile appearance; "I should jolly well think so. Why, he's one of our great guns, is Mr. Royston; like a fighting there like winkin!"

Could he introduce the new comer—[illegible]—captain of Carlists—to any responsible member of the committee able to talk Spanish, for the captain's English was very insufficient to speak, though he was able to read it fluently.

No, the office boy could not, for none of them that he knew of were in town just then, but he could forward any letters.

"Letters! Post! They are useless, for the matter was urgent. Where was Mr. Royston to be found?"

The office boy turned to his books with excellent alacrity, and, the place being found, read from them with great satisfaction—for that fierce, hungry eye of Senor Gelasco's never moved from him—"Edward Royston, Esq., Lakelands, near Ambleside, Westmoreland."

Glancing up quickly, as he pronounced the last word, the boy noticed that his visitor was toying nervously with something looking remarkably like the butt of a pistol stuck in his bosom, and the office boy felt more queer than ever.

"And it is his living—what do you call?—where he does live?"

"Yes, that is his address; sure to find him there," was the reply, not that the lad had any authority for the assertion beyond the evidence of his books; but truth to say, he feared the unwholesome gleam of Blas Gelasco's eye, and would gladly see him out of the place.

The Spaniard remarked the effect he had produced; he knew fear when he saw it, and he also knew its value for his own ends.

"And say to me," he went on, "in that book is there the living of—of—one Nella—ah!—Nella—"

"O, yes," interrupted the precocious one; "funny name, and I remember it well. Never heard it before."

He galloped over the pages at a great rate; paused, spoke:

"Yes, here it is—a lady—Nella Fitzgibbon. Why it's the same address as Mr. Royston's!"

The dark look on the Spaniard's face grew black as Erebus, and a passion the lad knew not of, as yet, made the man's dark features writhe again. It was the writhing of revenge.

But he mastered it a moment, and calmly asked:

"She lives there, then?"

"Yes, certainly; it seems she lives there with him."

"Ah, thank you, my young friend. —I will [illegible] Royston. [illegible] for your information. I thank you."

Placing a paper upon the counter he passed hastily out, and was lost in the tramping crowds of the Strand before the office lad had recovered from his surprise, had opened the little packet and found in it a couple of English sovereigns. Then he ran after Blas Gelasco to return the money, but that romantic personage had vanished in the surging tide of humanity Charing Cross; and when the youth got back to his desk he found another gentleman waiting him.

"Why, Mr. Royston!" he cried. "Good gracious if you had only been here a minute ago!"

"Well, and if I had, William, what then!"

The speaker was a straight young Saxon, bronzed a little in the face—a blue-eyed, yellow haired model of the English gentleman of good blood—and he was dressed faultlessly, but as one who has "just run up to town, you know, all in the rough."

"Why, there was, not a second ago, a Spanish fellow—ahem! gentleman, I mean—inquiring after you."

"[illegible] and what did he want?"

"Well, Mr. Royston, he had a pistol!"

The other laughed.

"Yes, Mr. Royston, I was scared a bit; and, d'ye know, he got your address out of me."

"Did he leave his own?"

"No, I clean forgot to ask him. Perhaps it's—"

"But I say, Mr. Royston, I know his name—Mr. Blas Gelasco!"

"And Mr. Royston," he went on, "he got Miss Nella Fitzgibbon's address out of me, too; same as yours, you know."

"Same as mine, you thundering young idiot! Why, you don't know mine! What d'ye mean?"

Ed. Royston was really alarmed as well as angry now. Why, William could not make out. So the latter turned to his books in his confusion, and read out, one after another, the Lakelands direction, entered after the names of both gentleman and lady. Royston thought aloud:

"Blas Gelasco and Nella Fitzgibbon! Good heavens, he can't have—"

"Hallo, Royston! Just the man I want. But what's this about Miss Fitzgibbon and Gelasco? Strange, I wish to speak to you about that very fellow, and came in here to get your address."

The speaker was a stout, florid elderly gentleman, who had hurriedly entered the office just as Ed. Royston was speaking.

"And a precious address you'd have got," answered Royston, ruefully. "They have got me down in their books as Lakelands still."

"Phew!" whistled out the other, then laughed. "Jove! wouldn't your uncle swear! and he, after driving you out of Lakelands and cutting you off with the traditional shilling four years ago for your Spanish—ahem!—[illegible]!" He looked at his watch, then went on: "Gad, though, I shall miss my train. Say, Royston, can't you run down with me to Chislehurst and dine with a fellow! This man calling himself Gelasco has written me—"

"Did he mention Nella Fitzgibbon?"

"He did, and very unpleasantly. We must protect her against schemers."

"Then I'm with you. There's more in this pursuit than I thought."

"Trot along then, or we shall be late."

Away they went, up to the Charing cross terminus, and Master William put the two sovereigns in his pocket to keep until—they were called for.

Nella Fitzgibbon was a mystery.

How she came to be at Lakelands at all was known only to Mr. Royston himself—a dry, old man, who did things and left things undone without ever dreaming of explaining the way or the wherefore to his [illegible] ladies who had faded into [illegible] celibacy, because, forsooth, they were too dignified and proud to stoop to those engaging little mannerisms—say, "arts" were too harsh a word—which lead many a fair young fellow to the altar of matrimony. They had no mother to bring them up in the (modern) way they should go in search of husbands—result, they were still of the [illegible] of Cologne.

"[illegible]" [illegible] one day, three years before this record opened; "Anna Kerdle is actually going to—Oh, it is shocking!"

"The dreadful girl!"

"Really too shocking!"

He looked up at the trio testily. He had a bad attack of the gout, and that malady is no improver of the temper.

"Going to do what? What is shocking?"

"Well, papa, she is going to—"

All three began to [illegible], and then stopped.

"Do go on, one of you, and don't all speak together, like a nest of parrots. What is it, Matilda?"

"To be married!"

"Deuced sensible girl, too."

"But you don't know who to, papa;" so, chorus in the shape of the other two.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me?"

"To young Howick, the yeoman!"

That sealed Anna Kerdle's fate as a lady housekeeper at Lakelands—she was also a distant relative of the Roystons—for the old squire was a fanatic on the point of the mingling of the high blood with low blood, of the squirearchy with yeomanhood—and he sent the three fast-fading maidens from the study, in which he was nursing his gout, positively stunned with [illegible] regarding the degraded Anna. Six weeks afterwards—the office of a housekeeper having meanwhile been in commission—a hired carriage from the distant railway station at Ambleside drove up the long wooded avenue at Lakelands, and Mr. Royston, receiving the sole occupant with all the courtesy due to a lady, presented Miss Nella Fitzgibbon to his daughters as their future companion, who would also relieve them of all further anxiety regarding household matters.

She had been recommended, he subsequently told them, by an old friend of his (no less than our florid friend of Chislehurst); she was a perfect gentlewoman in every respect; she had had misfortunes which, for a time, had alienated her reason, and therefore she was not to be questioned, directly or indirectly, regarding her belongings of the past.

By preserving the reticence to which they were accustomed, old Mr. Royston at the same time preserved himself from the worry of having questions put to him that he would be unable to answer. Nella Fitzgibbon entered upon her new life with a clean bill of health, so far as the inhabitants of Lakelands were aware.

And she had great tact, had Miss Fitzgibbon, as well as a shrewd natural capability for managing the household which speedily made her as really the mistress as though she had been born to that position. The servants respected her, for she was firm, though kind; while she would permit not a shadow of that familiarity which the groveling tastes—so the Misses Royston put it—of poor Anna Kerdle had rather encouraged than otherwise.

The county families in the neighborhood said he was in love with the creature; and they in the "—— good natured" vein, secretly warned his daughters that they might wake up some morning to find their housekeeper transformed into their step mamma.

But the Misses Royston coldly smiled at the folly; Nella, they soon came to say, was a true, honest-hearted lady, and they were very glad their papa was so fond of her as they themselves had become. Still, she was a mystery, in the sense that they knew nothing whatever about her, except what she chose to tell them, and that was of the scantiest.

"I cannot sing it; O, I cannot sing it!" she had cried one evening, rising from the piano—she was a glorious musician, and she was wont, at odd times, to fill the old halls of Lakelands with floods of grand music—as Priscilla Royston had opened the book at a simple little Spanish song, and had asked Nella to try it.

The sisters looked at her in astonishment. Her splendid black eyes were streaming with tears, and she left the room sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Royston, who delighted in the girl's singing, "what can have affected her?"

Various similar circumstances, or incidents rather, had occurred from time to time, always by sheer accident; but the Roystons soon found that if she was left quite alone on such occasions no actual "scene," took place, and with great delicacy they shaped their conduct accordingly.

One point Nella never approached—the season of her temporary insanity; but yet they could not help observing to one another that there must be some trace of it still lingering about the hidden chambers of her mind, for the shadow of some abiding fate was never entirely absent from her singularly expressive features.

Nor could the sisters mention to her their own peculiar [illegible] on the only occasion when they had, in womanly fashion, commenced in lower tones to speak of it, among themselves but in her presence, she became fearfully excited, stopped her ears with her fingers, while she almost shrieked out.

"Not that, not that! Spare me, O spare me, the bloodhounds of blood!"

They had been speaking of the Carlist war; of the shocking atrocities of their father in driving from Lakelands and disinheriting their over-petted cousin, Edward Royston, for the double reason that he had become a Catholic and was bitten with a mania for personally aiding Don Carlos; and of their hope that the poor fellow might not be slain in any of the battles he entered. The moment Nella had cried out as above, they had ceased their conversation, and it was never again renewed in her presence.

Nor did she offer any explanation of her emotion, and they had perforce to lay the whole of Spain and all things Spanish for the future under as strict a taboo as though Nellie were a Maori chieftain and had ordained complete silence about the country, the people and the events [illegible] it from end to end.

And so it gradually came to pass that she was left entirely to herself whenever she showed the least inclination that way; and whether she was in the room or about the house, whether she was moping—Mr. Royston called it "brooding"—or working, whether she was in her private boudoir or indulging in one of her frequent long rambles in the woodlands leading over to the lake or Mere, she met with no interruption, and passed wholly unquestioned, wholly unchallenged.

The little inn in the village of Cubblebirt had a guest, on a June afternoon, of whom neither landlord nor waiter could make head or tail. The stranger announced that he should only stay a few hours, though he would probably be backwards and forwards a good deal; ordered the best dinner and the best wine the house could afford and then called for a sheet of note paper, an envelope and a boy messenger to carry his letter to its destination. Writing materials were promptly supplied, and he sat down to the little coffee room to indite his epistle. Suddenly he started up, said he was not sure of his geography, and asked if there was any point in the neighborhood whence he could see Lakelands. Surely there was—a hill scarcely five hundred yards away; and to that he went, carelessly leaving his letter in the blotting pad.

He had hardly passed out by the back door of the inn, when a fly drove up to the front one, and a passenger who had [illegible] from London via Kendal alighted. He was a foreigner—Blas Gelasco—and he wanted a room for the night. Ordering his solitary valise taken up to it, he was ushered into the coffee room, saying he would have dinner—anything there was—as soon as it could be got ready.

"Yes, sir," certainly, sir!" replied the waiter, and vanished.

Gelasco moused about the apartment for [illegible] his eye lit on the blotting pad, which he opened in idleness.

Ha! what is this he sees? The envelope addressed to "Miss Fitzgibbon Lakelands;" the letter, couched in warm terms of affection, asking her to meet me in our dear old trysting place, where the path skirts the angle of the garden wall, and the thicket running down to the lake commences—about twilight, or perhaps a little before, will suit me; but you had better be early [illegible] and give me a little law if I am not there punctually. I shall be alone this time. Yours till death, Edward Royston.

The face of Gelasco turned a horrible greenish yellow. His fierce black eyes sparkled again with the very concentration of passion; he stamped furiously on the floor, and the nails of his clenched fingers scored deep into the brown flesh of his hands.

"Traitress!" he cried, in his own language; "Infamous traitress and deceiver! I knew it—O, my maddened heart knew it long ago. But I will be revenged—revenged! I will be there first!"

The stamping brought the waiter running in, with astonishment staring from his eyes. But there was nothing unusual to be seen. Gelasco was looking out of the window at the lake, and there was no longer any sign of emotion. He calmly said he had been unable to find the hill; he had changed his mind; this room was stuffy, and he would have his dinner in his own chamber and as soon as possible.

"Yessir; directly, sir!" and Gelasco followed the speaker up to the room which had been assigned to him.

Evening time—late evening time—and Nella, who had been strictly unoccupied all day, had been weeping bitterly, when not hysterical, (caused apparently by the receipt of her letters by the morning mail), said she would take a little stroll, for the air from the Mere might do her good.

"But dinner, Nella, my dear," said the squire; "be sure you come back in time for dinner."

"Not if I find the evening breeze really refreshing," she wearily replied, "for my poor head is very bad. No, I shall not be back to dinner in any case, and you will kindly excuse me!"

"Certainly, dear Nella, if you wish," answered the three sisters, in varying form of words, to express the same idea; and their handsome guest—she was more than lady housekeeper, but more mistress than either—stepped out of the open French window, just as she often did, without hat or shawl, and strolled away to her left, towards the walled in fruit garden. It was the nearest way to the lakeside, and a very favorite lonely walk of hers, particularly at the gentle hour now commencing, when the dying day lingeringly expires in the soft arms of the coming night.

Once under the shelter of the red brick wall, still throwing out some of the June heat absorbed during the sunlight, Nella Fitzgibbon hastened her steps a little.—Her, hitherto languid eyes shone with a dancing flame, and by the time she had reached the path across which began the limits of the wood, her heart was beating with a strange excitement, and she peered wistfully across the tolerably open ground lying between where stood and the village of Cubblebirt.

"Surely he will not keep me long, dear devoted fellow," she said, as one thinking aloud, and the great black eyes blazed again while they strained in the direction whence she expected Edward Royston.

But a greater, a blacker, a fiercer burning pair of eyes were watching her every gesture from behind the dark shade of a tree, only a few paces on her left half-front, and not her eager desire kept her rooted where she first had paused, then surely she must have seen the intruder.

Seen him and been horrified almost past the bounds of human horror. For the most furious passion the soul of man knows—revenge, the child of mad jealousy—was raging in his breast; in his breast, where also lay a trusty pistol, and on its butt a stern, determined hand grasping it with murderous intent. With his eyes he devoured her in all the radiance of her beauty; with his ears he listed for the love word he knew must come.

Nor was he mistaken; nor had he long to wait them.

"O, Edward, Edward! O, Edward, my best, my only—"

Raving madness! He drew and leveled his deadly weapon with a ferocious execration. She heard him, shrieked wildly, sprang back as he fired, and then fell hurtling to the earth.

"Great heavens, man, what have you done?"

Ed. Royston, as he shouted the words, flung himself from behind on Blas Gelasco. One desperate, fearful struggle, and the Spaniard was pitched clean on his head out on the pathway, and right in front of the spot where poor Nella Fitzgibbon had fallen.

Royston raised her up in his arms; she was unconscious. He shook her, in his craving to see a sign of revival; but she moved not. He tried everything he could to restore her; he was quite unsuccessful; he was seized by Gelasco, who had recovered by this time from his stunning fall; his throat was gripped as with bands of steel, and his eyes were already forcing themselves from their sockets, when two of the footmen from the house ran up and separated the pair.

"What devil's work is this!" cried old Mr. Royston, who had started out when he heard the shot, and was followed by his daughters, screaming in piercing unison:

"Edward! You here! And Nella shot! Good Lord, she's not dead!"

Some of the female servants had now reached the scene of the tragedy. They examined Miss Fitzgibbon, but could find no trace of a wound; and Priscilla Royston for once in her life became useful and applied her smelling salts to the unhappy lady, thereupon speedily revived.

"Who's this fellow?" asked the old squire squeezed out of his seven senses, as he pointed to Gelasco, firmly held by two of the men. "Edward, have you no tongue? What the deuce does it all mean?"

"For the life of me, I can't tell you, uncle. But this gentleman, Blas Gelasco, is certainly Nella Fitzgibbon's husband."

There was a cry of astonishment from all the assembled women, Nella excepted, that might have been heard at Cubblebirt, so ear-splitting was it.

"And you, villain and traitor, are her paramour!"

This from Gelasco, whose struggling foaming fury was appalling to behold.

"Husband! my own, my darling Blas!" came faintly from Nella, "are you truly alive? We had news of your death in the fatal fall of Ramos, and—O heavens, my brain!—and the body was identified as yours."

"Blas!"—he was strangely mollified; for if ever a woman spoke the truth Nella was speaking it then. "Blas! No, Nella; [illegible] of my poor cousin [illegible], of Vera."

"And what did you shoot at the woman for, you scoundrel?" This from old Royston, nearly as mystified as ever.

"Uncle," interposed Ed., "we had better—that is to say, if you will let me enter your doors again?"

"O, stuff, stuff! Of course you may enter them. Look you Ed., I revoked my deed long ago. There, there, all right; you are my heir again. But, for goodness sake, let me in and have the whole thing cleared up."

That it speedily was. Nella and Blas had been one of the happiest couples in Spain when the Carlist war broke out, dwelling at Osuna on the banks of the Ebro. One night the husband being absent, the Royalists had made a sudden attack on the place, captured it and spared no man, woman or child they could lay hands on. Nella's infant boy was [illegible] offering her violence, when Ed. Royston, traveling in disguise by that route the better to carry on his Carlist schemes, burst in on hearing her cries, disposed of the ruffians, placed her in his carriage, which was furnished with a Madrid official "pass," and succeeded in getting her away from the horrible charnel house Osuna had suddenly become.

Three days afterwards came the news that Blas had fallen at Ramos, and Ed. [illegible] taken to surrender, where ship for England was readily procured. Her babe had never been heard of.

"Her babe—my babe—is alive and well; the soldiers spared it because of the mark of the Virgin on its little body."

"My God, I thank you!" And Nella fell upon her knees before her husband who had uttered these words. But he held her from him and went on:

"Did you not criminally elope with this man Royston, when Osuna fell? Have you not lived with him here, under this roof, ever since?"

But why detail an explanation that took a considerable time to make? Nella was pure as the driven snow; she had never set eyes on Ed. Royston save in the presence of a third person, even if it was only a servant or a message boy; and to him her deepest gratitude was due for all he had done for her, including his placing her, through the kind offices of a friend of his uncle's, Lakelands, since he had saved her life at Osuna, her reason in England. The very morning of his threatened tragedy she had received a post letter from him, telling her that there was some reason to believe that, after all, her husband might be alive, might even be in England, and it was to get some, else whereby he might advertise successfully for Gelasco, who had left no London address, that he had been down and sought, as he was forbidden to go near Lakelands openly, a private interview with her.

And Nella and Blas Gelasco have at this moment a sweet *cottage ornee* between Lakelands and Cubblebirt; and Ed. Royston lives in full favor and heirship, perhaps mainly with his old uncle; and the three "candlesticks" melt as they dote over Nella's charming little Spanish boy, and "the mystery," Nella Fitzgibbon that was, has no longer any reason to regret that lovely June twilight when she was "taken red handed" trying to devise the best means of finding her husband.

DIARY KEEPING.

JAN 1.—The coming year I am determined neither to drink, smoke nor swear. Nor will I use any member of "slang." It is coarse and impolite. Nor will I eat with my knife; nor make any noise in swallowing my soup. I will attend church regularly. I shall take a Sunday school class. I am going to study French, German, music, Spanish and Italian; also Latin and Greek. I am resolved always to speak kindly and politely to my mother, brothers and sisters. I am going to rise at five o'clock the year round, and bathe in cold water winter and summer. I shall avoid late suppers and too much butter. I will not stare at young ladies in the street. I shall join a debating society. I wish to be an orator and go to congress. I am going to read Darwin, Spencer and Hill. I will read only solid books. I am going to join a gymnasium to perfect my muscles. I will not sit cross-legged in the street cars. I will not speak evilly or slanderously of any one. I will not poke fun at anybody. May 4.—It is too durned big a contract.—[Rod of Fiery.]

TEMPERANCE WORK.

THE WORK IN NORTHERN NEW YORK—70,000 SIGNATURES TO THE PLEDGE.

Glens Falls Cor. N. Y. Times.—Within the past two months upwards of 70,000 persons throughout Northern New York have signed the temperance pledge. All of these were obtained through the agency of what is termed the blue ribbon movement. Those advocating the movement are distinct lecturers, each having a different pledge, and forming societies at the close of their labors, with various terms to designate them. Francis Murphy, at Troy, calls those organized by him Gospel Temperance Christian Unions, while the others seem to generally adopt the term Reform Club.

The lecturers included Francis Murphy and about a dozen helpers, including Clarence C. and David G. Frost two very successful workers from Maine; Major Dowdney, who held meetings in Albany for several weeks, but who procured only about 3,000 names, and Col. John Vinton who made a tour of Washington county, and secured about 4,000 signatures to his pledge. The estimate of 70,000 includes about 30,000 in Troy and adjacent villages, where Murphy and his colleagues labored; 15,000 in the Hudson Valley; 12,000 in the Mohawk Valley, and 13,000 throughout Washington, Rensselaer, and Warren counties, and among the principal villages between Troy and North Adams.

The work is yet going on and increases in enthusiasm daily. The liquor traffic has become unprofitable, and no less than 300 saloons are known to have been closed up from the direct influence of these meetings. The Frost brothers made the following showing:

Two thousand signatures at Hudson, 1,600 at Kinderhook, 3,900 at Gloversville, 2,000 at Glens Falls, 1,800 at Sandy Hill, 2,000 at Schenectady. They are now engaged at Fort Edward, where they have secured 1,000 in four nights.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

The recent nitro-glycerine explosion near Negaunee, Mich., seems to have been the most destructive ever known. Not a common bucketful of the charred and bloody fragments of three of the men killed could be found, while the remains of the other four were burned and mangled beyond all recognition. The freight car in which the explosive was being loaded disappeared entirely; about fifty feet of track was torn from its bed, the rails being broken, twisted and hurled away, while a hole 25 feet in diameter and five feet deep was excavated in the ground. The engine and tender standing near were thrown back 100 feet and completely wrecked, and long lines of ore cars on the tracks demolished, fragments of wood, iron, tin etc., strewing the snow in every direction. A hundred feet from the explosion a horse and his driver were blown down the pit of a mine, but escaped without serious injury. The buildings of the Jackson Mine Company were torn to pieces, and the machinery broken. Miners' houses were wrecked, and women and children buried among the rubbish of doors, windows and furniture. At the Jackson school the children were covered with a shower of glass and splinters, some of them being injured. Negaunee, half a mile away, was shaken as by earthquake, much to the detriment of window glass and the furnishings of drug and crockery stores. Miners three hundred feet below the surface of the ground were thrown down. Many narrow escapes from death are reported and the loss of property is estimated at $ 0,000.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S ILLNESS.

STRANGE STORY OF THE SENATOR'S RECEPTION IN SAVANNAH—HOW HE SNUBBED AN ASPIRANT OF THE PULASKI HOTEL—A PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS BY THE LADIES.

N. Y. Sun.—Hon. John Morrissey is now lying dangerously ill at Jacksonville, Florida. On his way to that city last November he stopped at Savannah, Georgia, and put up at the Pulaski House, an old and somewhat famous resort for southern chivalry. He had no particular acquaintances in that city and walked up to the clerk's desk and wrote his name upon the register like any other traveler. The proprietors assigned him fine rooms, and did their best to make him comfortable. The news of his arrival was announced in the daily newspapers, and created much interest.

Naturally unobtrusive in his demeanor, he shunned publicity, but was affable and courteous to all who made his acquaintance. He took his meals at a table removed from general observation, and had no company. The ladies eyed him somewhat curiously, and he was silently lionized by all, but beyond this nothing was said or done that would lead him to suppose he was a man of more than usual note.

One day, however, the traditional Georgia blossom appeared at the hotel. He came from up country, near Muscogee district, and was on his annual spree. He was six feet high, well built, and in his own county was a man of considerable consequence. Away from home he attracted general attention by the loudness of his voice, the violence of his actions and [illegible]. He heard the guests of the hotel commenting on Senator Morrissey and imagined that his own light was eclipsed by the unobtrusive gentleman from New York.

The Muscogee blossom made no effort to conceal his chagrin. He soared in the corridors over the cotton crop, and ostentatiously aired himself in the ladies' parlor. All in vain. No one gave him the slightest consideration. Disappointed and exasperated, he entered the dining hall, and sat down at a prominent table, apparently determined to create a sensation. Senator Morrissey was quietly eating his dinner in his usual place.

The Georgian, recognizing an acquaintance across the room began a conversation with him "cracker" fashion, in a loud voice. The talk drifted upon politics, the recent election in New York serving as a pivot. "New York city," said the Muscogee blossom, "is the slum hole of politicians. No respectable man can hold office there. Raising his voice, "Why, no man can be elected to the legislature from New York city unless he is a thief or a gambler."

The object of his remarks was so palpable that every eye was turned upon Mr. Morrissey. The senator did not raise his eyes, but finished his meal as though totally unconscious of the conversation. Incensed by his silence, the Muscogee blossom became so personal in his allusions that several ladies left the dining room. After dessert, Mr. Morrissey walked out to the office and lighted a cigar. One of the proprietors of the hotel began to apologize for the scene in the dining room, but the senator interrupted him by saying, "Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness. You certainly are not responsible for the drivel of a blackguard, and I hope you will say nothing more about it."

While the senator was leaning upon the cigar stand, the gentleman from Muscogee came down the corridor and purposely brushed against him in passing. Mr. Morrissey tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir; but I overheard your remarks at the dinner table concerning New York and New Yorkers. Probably you were not aware that I am from New York city."

"O, yes, I reckon I was," said the Muscogee blossom.

"Then, continued Senator Morrissey, "when calling the city members of the New York legislature thieves and gamblers, you were not aware that I was one of those officials."

"Oh, yes, I reckon I was," repeated the Muscogee blossom very unconcernedly.

"Probably you know who I am, and your remarks at the table were meant for me, said the senator.

"I reckon you're right," replied the blossom, with refreshing insolence. "They were just meant for you sure and no one else."

He stood with his fingers in his pistol pocket. Morrissey never raised his hands. For two seconds he remained motionless as a statue, and then the Muscogee blossom fell to the floor bleeding and senseless, a flower withered in a stalk. The senator had used one of the tricks of his early days, and "bucked" him. Like lightning he had hurled his head against the skull of the Georgian, and the latter dropped like a pig of lead. He was carried to his room insensible, and for hours it was a question of life or death. One of his doctors told Mr. Morrissey that the injured man could not live twenty four hours. "I congratulate the citizens of Georgia," he replied. Six hours afterwards the doctor met the Senator and said the man would recover. "I condole with the citizens of Georgia," was the response. "I shall go to Jacksonville within a few days; but if I am wanted a telegraphic despatch will receive prompt attention."

The next day, as Mr. Morrissey entered the dining hall, he was shown to his table by the head waiter. The table was a bed of rare and beautiful flowers, the gift of the ladies of the hotel. The doctor was so confused by this delicate [illegible] that he could make no response. His actions, however, spoke louder than his words, and when he went to Jacksonville his departure was universally regretted.

Such is the story as it has reached New York by [illegible] and other ways. The Muscogee blossom recovered and slid away to his cotton plantation, a picture of dejected greatness. The Senator was warmly greeted by hosts of Northern friends in Jacksonville. He was [illegible] kindness and attention [illegible] him. High living brought on an old kidney complaint, which has developed into a disease probably fatal, for the gloom upon the faces of his friends tells the story of their apprehension.

CHICAGO LONG AGO.

A correspondent of the Chicago Journal has been poring over a file of the Chicago American for the years 1835 and 1836, from which he gleans the following:

Chicago's first frame house was built in 1831. Seven years later there was a bustling little city of 6,000 inhabitants. The people were all going crazy over the cultivation of Morus Multicaulis or mulberry trees, with which to feed silk worms, there being a great mania at that time for raising silk. But it soon, like all other manias of speculation, subsided as suddenly as it had arisen.

The American speaks of a man down East who refused $5,000 for one mulberry tree, and afterwards sold one quarter of it for $12,000. [illegible] for $6 each.

Gen. Lafayette had visited Illinois in 1825, and the people hadn't got over talking about the great event in 1835.

The first newspaper ever printed in Illinois was the Illinois Herald, at Kaskaskia, in 1809.

Sangamon county, in which there were then only a few log cabins, embraced the entire northern portion of the state in 1831. The county had nine representatives in the legislature in 1836, and they were called the "long nine," amounting in the aggregate fifty-four feet. Abraham Lincoln was one of the nine.

The study of keramics is a moderate intellectual struggle to find out what sort of [illegible]

EXECUTION BY IMPALEMENT.

ONE HORRIBLE METHOD OF ADMINISTERING JUSTICE IN JAPAN.

Hornet Annual:—One morning while I was at Yokohama I was informed that a criminal was about to be publicly put to death, and the morbid curiosity, which [illegible] induced me to sally forth and witness the execution. This is what I saw. When I reached the place appointed for carrying into effect the capital sentence, the unfortunate convict, a fine looking Japanese, in the prime of youth and strength, was standing under a huge post in the middle of a little posse of guards. The post had a crosspiece.

Nearly nude, he was standing erect, but as motionless as a statue, while his fearless but dreamy eyes gazed straight into the distance before him, as if he was looking at some far off object looming upon a horizon visible only to his abstracted vision. There was no token of terror in his determined face, no sign of shrinking in his quiescent but tensely strung body.—Presently there was a movement among the little knot of those surrounding him. His jailors moved aside and there strode into the circle a gaunt, repulsive looking native, clad from head to foot in a dress of dingy yellow.

The executioner—for it was he—was accompanied by a couple of assistants, who carried some half dozen long, round bamboo rods, about a couple of fingers thick at their large end, and tapering to half that size at the other, which was sharply pointed. The rods were laid upon the ground, and the trinity of death clapped hold of the living statue before them. [illegible] attempt at resistance, and who, so far as I observed, never even opened his lips, was grimly dangling on the post, his arms stretched out right and left along the crosspiece. There was now a slight pause.

The executioners dallied with the bamboos, and the poor creature [illegible] on the post, still looking into the shadowy distance, still was dumb; but I thought I could detect a yellow pallor stealing up his face. Perhaps he was collecting all his resolution to meet the terrible ordeal that was close on him. The principal executioner, who meanwhile had selected a couple of bamboos to his mind, now stepped to the left side of his expectant victim, spat upon the point of one of his weapons, and with a twisting, pushing motion thrust it easily into the flesh about half way between the hip and the armpit.

The poor wretch upon the cross turned his gaze slowly down upon his tormentors and his lips slightly opened. But he made no struggle—he uttered no cry. His resolution, his courage were superhuman. I looked at the executioner. He was calmly continuing to push and wriggle the bamboo further and further into the body. In a couple of minutes, though it seemed much longer, the bloody point of the instrument emerged from the top of the sufferer's shoulder. There was a slight exclamation of satisfaction from the crowd, just the sort of noise that escapes from those watching a daring swimmer when his head appears above the surface after a long dive; and the fiend at the other end of the bamboo stopped wriggling, let go his hold and stepped back. Now, I thought, he is going to give the poor tortured creature his *coup de grace*. Not a bit of it. He crossed to the opposite side of the post, calmly inserted the second weapon in the same spot on the sufferer's other flank, and worked away till it, too, came out above the armpit. All this time not a single groan, not one despairing cry for mercy escaped the man thus doubly impaled. His head dropped a little upon his chest, and his eyes were half closed, but he was evidently alive and conscious.

At this moment, to my amazement, the executioner and his assistants, picking up the unused bamboos, began to walk away. "What," I asked, "is the execution ended? Are they going to leave the man in that fearful agony?" "Oh, yes," I was told, "all is over. The criminal is finished with. He will die presently—in an hour, two hours, or, as he seems very strong, perhaps not till nightfall; no one will touch him any more. The bamboos will be left in him, and when he is quite exhausted he will expire." I could bear no more.

I was powerless to interfere, but, sick at heart, I turned on my heel, loathing the barbarous cruelty I had just witnessed, and cursing the damnable civilization that permitted it. I learned afterwards that the unfortunate wretch had lingered ten long hours before death (which in Japan would seem as brutal as justice) remembered and released him.

His slow death is accounted for by the fact that a Japanese executioner is carefully taught to avoid the vital organs of the criminal he has to impale. The more slowly the victim expires, the greater the reputation of his butcher.

FUNNY FINDINGS.

"H. A. L."—Tweed did not go to college; he was educated at Do-the-boys-hall.

[illegible] He has also the Kentucky god of riches.

A French doctor says that the gout is ten times harder to bear than a guilty conscience.

A medical journalist says that lunatics never cry. Brother Shearman has that satisfaction, anyway.

General Bouncer (on a round of inspection at Sandhurst)—"Ought can you tell me what "most" that is! Cadet—Well they call it "motion," but I wouldn't vouch for it.—

A Scotch schoolmaster having repeatedly and at last angrily demanded of the pupils "Who signed Magna Charta?" a little girl tremblingly replied, "Please, sir, it was no me."

The Hawkeye says the world may never know what unutterable things a hotel waiter thinks when he folds his arms and leans against the wall to gaze down upon you in mournful silence with dreamy eyes.

"Why do the poets call it the silver moon?" she asked, hugging the sleeve of his ulster. "Because [illegible]" [illegible] admirer, who has "views" on the currency questions, "because it is so inconstant."

The model husband has been found in Albany. He don't permit his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in summer and he puts it down in winter.

That colored woman at Lexington, Kentucky, who gives her lover "love powder" in hopes he would sue for her hand, didn't know arsenic from chalk, and that's what killed him.

An Irish soldier's hat fell overboard and he reported the fact to the captain. The latter replied that he could not stop the vessel, but that he would make a mark in the rail at the place where it fell.

High Church Parson—"I am sorry to [illegible] church, Mrs. Mangles."

Mrs. M.—"Well, sir, I hain't bin lately; you see, they do tell me you have given up composites and took to Roman candles, and I was allus afeared of fireworks."

The British Bible Society reports an astonishing demand for the Bible among the Osmanlis. Over sixty thousand have been distributed within the last few weeks. This excellent linen paper makes the best of gunwadding, and thus the gospel is spread among the Turks.

"Look heah, war's John, ain't you goin' to gib me no keepsake dis New Year?" asked an elderly darkey, who had evidently been out calling, of a young white gentleman on Commerce street. "What sort of a keepsake do you want, uncle?" asked the youth. "I wants some [illegible] and wear dis, so I'll always think of yer when I sees it—sumfin that won't wear out." "How would a bottle of whiskey do?" "Posh Gor, dat do bully [illegible]. I've been dreamin' of [illegible]."

FOUL CISTERNS.

The principal cause of the disagreeable odor of cistern water is stagnation, or the motionless condition it remains in for long periods of time. Springs, streams, clouds, and all fresh and salt bodies of water are in almost continual motion; constantly receiving and emitting air, heat, cold, and mineral substances and changing position, form or density. Thus the Almighty keeps the fluid pure, healthful, and invigorated.

But in tightly covered cisterns the reverse of all this is measurably true. Except as the water is moved by every rain storm pouring in or every pailful drawn out, the mass of liquid is silent, motionless and soon becomes stagnant, putrid, dead. In a short time a coat of filthy sediment covers the bottom and sides of any and every cistern.

The cistern cover excludes the rays of the sun that would hasten decomposition. The supporting and surrounding earth also keeps the water at a lower temperature, and tends to disinfect and protect it in a healthy condition. Any mechanical contrivance that would produce motion and aeration—that would mingle pure air with the standing water—might preserve it in its normal condition.

But this would be expensive and generally impracticable. Therefore, have two or more small, cheap, cement, brick, or cedar cisterns or, better still, outside of every farmer's house. If one of these small, cheap reservoirs that will cost less than a year's tobacco or liquor, is, in warm weather, emptied and washed clean every two or three months, rain water, comparatively pure, will generally be ready for everyday use.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

On and after Monday, Dec. 24, 1877, the mails will arrive and close as follows:

GLOBE BY RAILROAD.

	Arrive	Close
For all places on the Midland between Oswego and Norwich at [illegible] New York, Albany, Syracuse and way mail East, Rochester, and all places on Auburn Railroad		7:00 a. m.
Syracuse, Utica, Buffalo, way mail west and south of Syracuse, and all points on the Syracuse Northern Railroad by postal car		7:00 a. m.
For all places on Oswego & Richland branch of the R. W. & O. RR., and all points on the R. W. & O. RR., south of Watertown and Ogdensburg by postal car		10:30 a. m.
All places on the Lake Ontario Railroad, Auburn and all places on the Southern Central Railroad, Rochester, Canada via Suspension Bridge and all places in Michigan by postal car		3:30 p. m.
Richland, New Haven, Mexico, Pulaski, [illegible]		[illegible]
Syracuse, Utica, Albany, New York and East, Rochester, Buffalo and West, Fulton and all points on Oswego & Syracuse Railroad, by postal car		5:45 p. m.

ARRIVE BY RAILROAD.

New York, Albany and East, Syracuse, Buffalo and West, and all places on Oswego & Syracuse Railroad, by postal car	[illegible]	
Rome and all places on the R. W. & O. RR. between Richland and Rome and all places between Oswego and Richland by postal car	10.25 a. m.	
Rochester and all places on the Lake Ontario RR., Auburn and all points on the Southern Central Railroad, north of Auburn	12.25 p. m.	
Mexico, Pulaski, Watertown & Ogdensburg	12.45 p. m.	
Albany, New York, Syracuse, East and South way, Buffalo, and West and all offices on Oswego and Syracuse RR. by postal car	4:15 p. m.	
Midland way and Fulton	7:00 p. m.	
Kingston, Canada, Ogdensburg, Pulaski, New Haven, and all offices on the R. W. & O. RR. north of Richland	8:05 p. m.	
Syracuse, Albany, New York, and Eastern and Western States	9:35 p. m.	

Mails will be closed promptly at the specified time, and all letters put in up to that time will go by first mail.

Mails will be closed by N. Y. C. [illegible] Offices open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. On Sunday 9:30 till 10:30 a. m.

BY STAGE.

	Arrive.	Close.
[illegible], via Southwest Oswego and Hannibal, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	12:30	2:00 p. m.
Scriba Corners, daily, Sundays excepted	10:00 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
South Scriba, Vermillion and North Volney, Wednesday and Saturday	10:00 a. m.	2:30 p. m.

Money Order Office and Registered Letter Department open from 9:00 a. m. to 5 p. m.

CHERRY AMES, P. M.

"To Whom it May Concern."

VEGETINE.

An Excellent Medicine.

Springfield, O., Feb 28, 1877.

[illegible] H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System, with good success. I recommend Vegetine as an excellent medicine for such complaints.

Yours very truly,
C. W. VANDEGRIFT.

Mr. Vandegrift, of the firm of Vandegrift & Huffman, is a well known business man in this place, having one of the largest stores in Springfield, O.

Our Minister's Wife.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 16, 1877.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:
Dear Sir—Three years ago I was suffering terribly with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Our minister's wife advised me to take Vegetine. After taking one bottle, I was entirely relieved. [illegible] and [illegible] greatly improved my digestion.

Respectfully,
MRS. A. BALLARD.

1011 West Jefferson Street.

Safe and Sure.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:
In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me; and yielding to the persuasion of a friend, I consented to try it. [illegible] Yours truly, W. H. CLARK, [illegible] Montgomery Street, Allegheny, Penn.

VEGETINE.

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the M. E. [illegible] Episcopal Church [illegible]

Hyde Park, Mass., Feb. 15, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:
Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed [illegible]

G. W. MANSFIELD,
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

OBSTACLES TO MARRIAGE Removed!

HAPPY RELIEF TO YOUNG MEN from the effects of Errors and Abuses in Early Life. Manhood Restored. Impediments to Marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and circulars sent free in sealed envelopes. Address HOWARD ASSOCIATION, 419 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa. [illegible]

IMPORTANT LETTER

From a Distinguished Physician.

[illegible]

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

[illegible]

Universal Satisfaction.

Gentlemen:—We have sold Sanford's Radical Cure for nearly [illegible] year [illegible]

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists [illegible] WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS'

Voltaic Plaster.

An Electro Galvanic Battery, combined with a highly medicated strengthening Plaster, forming the best plaster for pains and aches in the World of Medicine.

ELECTRICITY

[illegible]

BALSAM AND PINE.

[illegible]

Two in One.

[illegible]

Don't Neglect a Cough.

[illegible] Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup [illegible]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

[illegible]

DISCOVERY.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

[illegible]

$200,000

GREATEST [illegible]

FRECKLINE!

[illegible]

HALE'S

Honey of Horehound and Tar,

For the cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, DIFFICULT BREATHING, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES AND LUNGS, LEADING TO CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

Pike's Toothache Drops

CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

Sold by all Druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r [illegible]

SAVE FUEL

By using W. T. Valentine's

FELT WEATHER STRIPS

FOR WINDOWS AND DOORS.

For sale by [illegible]

OLD FULTON NEW YORK POST CARDS
Thomas M. Tryniski
309 South 4th St
Fulton NY 13069
fultonhistory.com